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**Confederate Artillery at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg.**

*By Colonel WILLIAM ALLAN, Late Chief of Ordnance Second Corps,  
Army of Northern Virginia.*

Is it possible to obtain a correct roster of the Confederate artillery present at Second Manassas, and also of that present during the Sharpsburg campaign?

The following is sent, with the hope that it may elicit additions and corrections:

**AT SECOND MANASSAS.**

*On Jackson's Wing.*

*Attached to Jackson's Old Division*, (Major L. M. Shumaker, Chief of Artillery).—Brockenbrough's Maryland Battery; Carpenter's Virginia Battery; Caskie's (Hampden Artillery); Poague's (Rockbridge Artillery); Raines's (Lee Artillery); Wooding's (Danville Artillery); Rice's; Cutshaw's—(8).

*Attached to A. P. Hill's Division*, (Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Walker, Chief of Artillery).—Braxton's (Fredericksburg Artillery); Crenshaw's; Davidson's (Letcher Artillery); Latham's

(Branch Artillery); McIntosh's (Pee Dee Artillery); Pegram's (Purcell Artillery); Fleet's (Middlesex Artillery)—(7).

*Attached to Ewell's Division*, (Major A. R. Courtenay, Chief of Artillery); Lattimer's (Courtenay Artillery); J. R. Johnson's (Bedford Artillery); D'Aquin's (Louisiana Guard Artillery); Dement's (First Maryland Artillery); Brown's (Second Maryland Artillery); Balthis's (Staunton Artillery); Pleasants's (Manchester Artillery)—(7).

*On Longstreet's Wing.*

*Attached to Hood's Division*, (Major B. W. Frobel, Chief of Artillery).—Bachman's South Carolina Battery; Garden's South Carolina Battery; Reilly's North Carolina Battery—(3).

*Attached to Wilcox's Division*.—Anderson's (Thomas Artillery), with Wilcox's Brigade; Maurin's (Donaldsonville Artillery), with Pryor's Brigade; Chapman's (Dixie Artillery), with Featherston's Brigade—(3).

*Attached to G. T. Anderson's Brigade*, (D. R. Jones's Division). Brown's (Wise Artillery)—(1).

*Attached to Evans's Brigade*.—Boyce's South Carolina Battery (Macbeth Artillery)—(1).

*Attached to Anderson's Division*, (Major Saunders, Chief of Artillery).—Huger's Battery; Moorman's; Grimes's—(3).

There were also present, not assigned to special infantry commands:

*Washington Artillery*, Colonel J. B. Walton.—Squire's (First Company); Richardson's (Second Company); Miller's (Third Company); Eshleman's (Fourth Company)—(4).

*Lee's Battalion*, Colonel S. D. Lee.—Eubank's Battery; Jordan's; Parker's; Rhett's; Taylor's—(5).

*With the Cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart*.—Pelham's Battery; Hart's (?)—(2).

The following may have been present, but their assignments are not known to me: Leake's; Rogers' (Loudoun Artillery); Stribling's (Fauquier Artillery)—(3).

There came up, after Second Manassas, from Richmond—

*Of the Reserve Artillery, five or six companies of Brown's First Virginia Regiment*—Dance's (Powhatan Artillery); Hupp's (Salem Artillery); Macon's (Richmond Fayette Artillery); Watson's (Second Richmond Howitzers); Smith's (Third Richmond Howitzers); Coke's—(6?).

*Nelson's Battalion, Major William Nelson.*—Ancell's Battery; uckstep's; Kirkpatrick's; Milledge's—(4).

*Cutts's Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts.*—Blackshear's Battery; Rose's; Lane's; Patterson's—(4).

*With D. H. Hill.*

*Jones's Battalion, Major H. P. Jones.*—Wimbush's Battery; Turner's; Peyton's (Fry's); R. C. M. Page's—(4).

D. H. Hill had also Carter's (King William Artillery); Bondurant's (Jeff. Davis Artillery), and Hardaway's Battery—(3).

*With McLaws's Division.*—Read's Battery; Carleton's; Lloyd's (?); Manly's—(4).

Moody's Battery (1), was attached to Colonel S. D. Lee's command.

There were also with the army in September, G. W. Nelson's Battery (Hanover Artillery); T. J. Page's; Marmaduke Johnson's; Woolfolk's; Dearborn's—(5)—the assignment of which I do not know.

This gives a total of forty-seven batteries in the Second Manassas campaign, and of thirty-one added afterwards, or seventy-eight in all.

A report of General Pendleton in regard to the reorganization of the artillery, dated October 2, 1862, (page 569, vol. vi, Confederate Reports, as republished at Washington,) states that there were then attached to the army seventy-two batteries, exclusive of Stribling's and Bondurant's, which had been sent to the rear; but he includes, apparently, in this number, three companies of Brown's regiment (Wyatt's, Ritter's, and Young's), left at Richmond. If this be so, he had but seventy-one batteries, counting Stribling and Bondurant. The excess above may, in some cases, be due to counting the same company twice under different names, or to the fact that companies not present at all are enumerated.

Will old artillery officers please correct the errors they may see?

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*Reminiscences of the Siege of Vicksburg.*

*By Major J. T. HOGANE, of the Engineer Corps.*

PAPER NO. 2.

The first man killed in Vicksburg was a Major of infantry belonging to General Vaughn's command. I had just reported to General Vaughn for duty as engineer officer of the line under command of

Major-General Smith, and as a social recognition, he told me the news of the Major's death, how that he had crept between the opposing lines to relieve a wounded man, and there met his death. The angel of charity certainly had not far to come to meet him and to offer him the hand of fellowship. This fight was on the north side of Vicksburg, and outside the works proper. In company with a Lieutenant of engineers, I inspected the line of works to which I had been assigned, and was pleased with the strength of the natural position until I came to a depression in the line commanded by adjoining points. I asked the officer if he thought we could hold that position. "Why not?" he asked, and a smile irradiated his face. Asking the question more strongly and more to his personal satisfaction, I told him that if there was any other line I would like to see it, and so we rode to what he designated as the Fort Hill line. After a careful inspection, I decided that it was the strongest position, and though only provided with a stockade and three lunettes, yet it was better to build new works than to take the rain of bullets in rifle pits unfit to protect the troops. Accordingly, and in consequence of the urgency of the case, I sent a dispatch to General Pemberton direct, recommending the second line. At midnight, the order to fall back was issued, and the troops fell into line of battle on the Fort Hill ridge. I rode along the line, staking out in a hurried manner the line of the rifle pits, telling the men we would rectify mistakes another time. The gray dawn, and the morning odor of the spring verdure, brought peace and pleasant thoughts. It tempted my mind to wandering in memory into the meadows and gardens of old Missouri, where home, and home interests, had made life an enchantment. War was forgotten, there was such contentment in the spring air, the winter had passed away, the plumes of the blue-green grass waved in the bright sunlight in harmonic swaying with the delighted nerves. The toil of military service, the mind's review of foregone sieges with all their horrors and rigorous sufferings passed from the heart. I was brought back to the present by an admonition from an officer that the yanks were going to open fire. On casting my eye over the distant ridge, just abandoned, I could see the deploying Federal troops pursuing the advantage they supposed they had gained. Soon, firing commenced on the fatigue details sent out over our line to secure some tools which had been brought from Snyder's Bluff. By night the artillery was placed in position, and the rifle pits were dug to the right depth, and on proper lines to suit



the ground. Next day the United States troops formed a close investment; we were really besieged, and the outer world became a sealed treasure to the sixteen thousand unfortunate Confederates inside of Vicksburg. It was lucky for the "*amour propre*" of our General-in-Chief, that his peer, Grant, did not mass his troops into columns of attack, and walk right in on the Jackson road the second day he drew up his sixty thousand men before the city, which he could have done if he had pushed his artillery in to take our works in reverse. Of course he would have had to sacrifice men, but not near as many as he lost in his charges on the stockaded breastworks to the left of the same road, and by disease in his camps. The morning the charges were made, I started by the way of the graveyard valley to the right of our line near the Jackson road, and met a soldier, about fifty years old, shot through both cheeks; the blood had clotted his long beard, and he was then trying to staunch the flow of the crimson flood. In his disengaged hand he carried a shotgun that had been struck by a ball, and the barrels splintered by it. I condoled with him about his wound, and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going to get another gun. Of such was the Southern soldier made. A little way further up the valley I came across a Missouri Major, trying to get a piece of artillery to the stockade; he had got the gun in a ditch, and from want of concert between Major, mules, drivers, and drink, that all hands seemed to be filled up with, it seemed likely that the gun would remain in *statu quo*. I volunteered to assist; the Major met me half-way by offering the bung-hole of his little keg of whisky. As an amendment, I proposed to lubricate the mules by giving the drivers a drink, which was agreed to. After getting the mules stretched out into line, I instructed the drivers to whip up when the Major sounded his yell, and never to stop until the gun landed in the rear of the works. One old white-haired darkey, whose temples sported a silk plug hat, who was riding the lead mule, allowed "he'd go with that dar gun to them folks fighting sure." Well, he did it, but just as he got to the works the gun upset, and niggers, Major, and Engineer officer "dissolved into thin air;" that is, they ceased putting on any heroic airs. It was hot at that point, for the Federals were making their second charge on the stockaded breastworks built across the valley of death. The rattle of minnie balls, the bursting of shrapnel shells was sharp and continuous. The dust flew in specks where the leaden messengers hit the ground, the whole air was full of excitement. I saw but one

place where things and men looked cool, that was where the men lay behind the works systematically shooting through the crevices of the timbers, so I lay for a spare interval, and went down on my knees with the rest of the boys. Blood being up I borrowed my neighbor's gun and covered the coat of blue in the ravine below me, but was suddenly thrown out of employment by the owner of the gun claiming his property. Poor fellow, it was the last sound of his voice that ever vibrated the air, for when he again took aim a crimson spot in the centre of his forehead gave exit to, and set the imprisoned spirit free to enter upon the work of peace instead of the work of hate and war.

General Grant had missed his chance. If he had pushed pell-mell into Vicksburg with Pemberton's rear guard, the contractors might have suffered, but *his* reputation or his men would not.

There were many funny incidents that occurred in spite of the increasing stringency and restrictive orders about food and work on the fortifications. On that part of the line in charge of Brigadier-General Baldwin, a Mississippi militia company was on duty, commanded by no less than a General officer. This company, either from zeal or inexperience, kept on night after night, adding depth to the rifle pits it defended, until, in the gloom of night if you wanted an officer you had to telegraph, by voice, to the far deep. After a few nights' work, I instructed the General to employ the energy of his men in filling up the caverns, hinting that, in the far bowels of the earth he might find it as hot as on the surface. After they took a rest there was less complaint about the disappearance of tools. The field of observation of any one man on a battle-ground is necessarily limited, and however violent and momentous the action may be as a whole, he can only act as the historian of what he individually sees or hears.

In a siege, prolonged over considerable time, the mental impressions of the acts seen, are of those salient transactions distinctly important, or that have the elements of tragedy or of fun in them. One part of the fun was to stand by a member of the signal corps and let him tell you what "they," the feds, were telegraphing by their flag signals. On Fort Hill we had a signal corps operator who was very skilled in reading the signal messages of Commodore Porter's fleet to General Grant's headquarters and *vice versa*; in fact, there seemed to be no difficulty in interpreting the intentions of the Federals at any of the signal stations. He reported that it was a part of Grant's plan to make a charge up the river road that ran between Fort Hill and the water batteries. So to make our outside

friends comfortable and give them a warm reception, I had caused to be constructed three deep ditches across the road, the bottom of each chasm being armed with *chevaux de frise*, and the intervals filled with mines. Field guns to enfilade the gorge and batteries with cotton bales for epaulments, were rapidly built to maintain our supremacy in the coming fight. After all, the Federal battalions did not risk defeat by another course of charges, but contented themselves by burning up the cotton walls of the advanced open lunette. This was one of the great events that "Old Father Time" placed back in his rear pocket, thinking perhaps that it was better to put an entire new play on the stage. The only one graceful favor that General Pemberton had the power to render was the consent he gave to a truce to bury the "braves" who had fallen in the charges upon our lines. The time was given and the dead were put out of sight. They had lain thickly where they fell, so much so that the ground took the color of the Federal uniform. "'Tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true." The burning of the building in which was stored war material and provisions, was one of the most exciting events of the investiture. It rose to a point of being sublime, for it was a strife between puny man and the raging elements of nature on a grand scale, and added to this a first-class battle. It rose from an incipient fire to a light sheet that blinded the eyes. It showed the mastery of man over himself and nature. The flashing of the Yankee guns at quick intervals brightened the glare of the flaming buildings. The rain of iron fell with a clang on the paved streets, startling the men who were running, laden with a burden of provisions or ammunition, from the burning commissary depot to a more safe place of deposit for the supplies.

Like a swaying pendulum, in automatic precision, the details ran to and fro amidst the squares that shot and shell made, indifferent to danger, only intent to obey the orders of the officers, and do the duty set before them. The tempest of battle gathered force as the heat of the flames grew greater. The heat scorched the devoted soldiers, the light increased until it was as the light of day, and the men showed only as dots on the field of conflict. After awhile the blazing embers fell, the light grew grey and dark, then sank to a glimmer, leaving the starlight alone to relieve the gloom, made darker by contrast. The worn men staggered to their wretched quarters in the trenches or sand hills, to suffer, to sleep the sleep of exhaustion, utterly indifferent to the blazing worlds overhead, the fluttering haze rising from the river, or the still

threatening guns that kept up a fire on the iron swept area of the now consumed depot. Of all the cannonading that General Grant ordered, the least effective, for the cost, was the bombardment by the fleet of mortar boats. When the fleet commenced throwing the thirteen-inch shells, it dwarfed all other menaces to our lives; but we soon became used to watching the course of the shells as shown by the glow of fire made by the fuse, and learned to dodge the spot where it would fall. They did more damage to houses than to the citizens or people. My first notice of the thirteen-inch shell practice was brought about by a practical joke played on me by the boys. Mrs. Captain Winters had cooked a first-class dinner for a few of us, from material that we had clubbed together out of our scanty resources. In the midst of the eating it was reported that one of the boss shells had taken the ear off my horse. So, being curious to see such a close shave, I ran out to investigate. I found one ear of the quadruped tied down with a string. I also found on the return trip, my share of the sweet potatoe pie eaten up. I was shelled out in earnest. A few days after that, Captain W. and his accomplished lady were sitting in a room, of the then engineer headquarters; two of their children were eating a lunch in the dining-room. Without warning, a thirteen-inch shell burst through the ceiling and partitions, and exploded in an adjoining parlor, throwing the plaster *débris* over the children. When I got to the spot, Mrs. W. was backing out from under the table with her children, unhurt. It was no unusual thing for the fronts of houses to be blown out by the explosion of these shells, but I knew of but one instance where life was lost. It occurred one evening about dusk. The mortar had been evidently trained to throw its shell to the court-house, but falling to the South, struck an iron balcony of the hospital building, that was crowded with wounded convalescents. It was distressing to hear the cries of the poor fellows as they fell to the ground, victims of a cruel and spiteful fate. The horses and mules soon learned to calculate, from the sound the shells made, where they were going to fall, and gave a wide berth to exploding missiles. Lucky was the officer who had a servant sufficiently courageous to lead his favorite horse to spots of comparative safety, between extreme danger line and absolute protection from the breast works, and where the Bermuda grass flourished. It was a picture of content to see nigger and horse in the evening—one having got his fill of grass, the other his fill of sunshine and rest. After all the care and devotion I gave to my steed, one of Grant's

pilferers borrowed him the day of the surrender. If the mules had a hard time to make a living, it was worse for the men. The animals got little, but it was natural food; the men got little, and it was of a kind disgusting to the sharp-set hunger, that insufficiency both in quality and quantity made chronic. With the fertile valley of the Mississippi and Yazoo to draw from, millions of bushels of corn could have been stored in Vicksburg—abundant rations for the army and its animal equipment, and of a wholesome kind. Two days after we were closed in, Federal prisoners and our surplus mules were driven out because corn was scarce, and as time wore on, the bread of the period, issued to the men, was a cold glutinous paste, a compound of pea meal and flour. Was—finish the query with reference to General Pemberton or his Commissary General, to suit your own fancy. A personal loss was felt by every Missourian the day that General Green was killed. He had been cautioned not to expose himself several times, and, a few minutes before he was hit, had remarked that the bullet was not moulded that would kill him. His death put another name upon the tablet of eternity that was already emblazoned with the names of thousands who had died for love of country.

When the Yankees blew up the mine in which so many Missouri troops lost their lives, the severed lines of others of their comrades kept back the surging numbers that mounted the parapet of the works. Like the knights of St. John, led by the grand master at Rhodes, they were in every gap and point of danger, making successful resistance the master of danger.

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*Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.*

*January 1st, 1862.*—Spent the day at the hospital, having no heart for new year calls in these trying times. It is really frightful to reflect on the events of the past year, and I sometimes imagine that I am dreaming through an age of terrible import, but alas, I awake to the stern reality of the unhappy and distracted state of our country. I see no prospect of a speedy peace, and can only hope and pray for the best. It is said that every life must have its "rainy days." The same might be said of nations. We cannot always have prosperity, and enjoy peace and plenty. Grim visaged war must stalk through our fair land, uproot our institutions, both civil and religious, revolutionize society, and shake its foundations to

their very centre. But we must toil on, and try to recognize in this terrible calamity the hand of God, and believe that all things are working together for good. His ways are mysterious and past finding out.

*February 20th.*—Our infant nation is passing through the baptism of adversity. General Zollikoffer has been killed, and his army is routed. Fort Henry has fallen, and the enemy have possession of Tennessee river. Roanoke Island has been taken with 2,000 prisoners. Fort Donelson, after four days' hard fighting, was compelled to surrender to an overwhelming force, and General Buckner, with his entire command are prisoners; and Nashville is about to fall into the hands of the enemy. My own native State is invaded by the vandal hordes of Lincoln, and from this time forth I am a soldier in the field, until the last footprint of the foe is removed from our fair land. I give up my profession, and lay my life on the altar of my country, with resignation to the will of the most high God.

*February 21st.*—Rode out this morning to see my mother and bid her good-bye. She said to me, "My son, I am glad to see that you know your duty." I do not return to the field for glory or renown, but from a stern sense of duty in this hour of my country's peril. I consider it to be the solemn duty of every son of the South to go into the ranks and fight until our independence is achieved.

*February 22nd.*—On board steamer De Soto. Left Memphis at 5 o'clock this evening, to rejoin the old One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth at Columbus, with the intention of fighting as long as the war continues, or until my Heavenly Father calls me home. I am anxious to live to see the end of the war, but if it be the will of God that I should fall in battle, I am ready to exclaim, "Thy will and not mine be done." To-day Jefferson Davis was inaugurated permanent President of the Confederate States of America.

*Sunday, February 23d.*—This is a beautiful Sabbath day, but alas! how it has been desecrated. All day long the saloon tables have been surrounded by card-players, just as if there were no God to punish such wanton violation of his holy day. I tremble for my country when I see those who are to fight her battles manifesting such reckless disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

*February 24th.*—Columbus. Arrived at this little city of mud and log cabins about noon to-day, and found everything in readiness to repel an anticipated attack by the Lincolnites. Ten gun-boats were in sight, and a number of transports were reported landing troops.

*February 25th.*—It is the general impression that we are about to

evacuate this place, as large quantities of ammunition and provisions are being sent away. The Federals are reported to be within ten miles of us—fifty-five thousand strong.

*February 26th.*—It is reported that a fight is now going on at New Madrid, and that General McCown's division has been ordered to reinforce our troops, but I am disposed to believe that it is the advance of our retreat. Dark clouds are hovering over our young Republic, but we must struggle on, trusting in God for the success of our cause. General Polk, it is said, has received a dispatch to the effect that France has recognized the Confederate States.

*March 3d.*—Jackson, Tennessee. On last Thursday I was detailed for picket duty. Soon afterwards the regiment was ordered to pack up baggage, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. I passed a miserable night, sleeping in the open woods with only one blanket to protect me from the chilling blasts of winter. Returned to camp at 3 o'clock Friday evening, and was detailed to go on the cars with the regimental baggage, expecting to leave that night. A long weary night passed away, and no train. Saturday, March 1st, dawned cold and cheerless, and we were doomed to wait another day and night for the expected train, with nothing to eat, save a few hard, indigestible crackers. On that day, our army burnt their cabins, and evacuated Columbus. I walked over the deserted town in the evening; it was a grand and gloomy sight, the lurid flames were shooting into the air from thousands of log cabins, and in some instances, private dwellings were consumed by the devouring element. Ere night the work of destruction was well nigh complete, and what had the day before been the homes of thousands of Confederate soldiers, now lay a heap of smouldering ruins. At two o'clock, our baggage was all on board the train, and we were ready to consign Columbus to the tender mercies of the Lincolmites. I made my bed on the top of a box car, and with one blanket slept soundly and sweetly, although the rain fell in heavy showers. Sunday morning I awoke feeling badly, and as the rain was still falling, I sought shelter in a car attached for the sick. At half past two o'clock, we started at a snail's pace, and reached Humboldt at seven o'clock this morning having travelled seventy-nine miles in nineteen hours. I suffered greatly from hunger and thirst. At Humboldt I got a good breakfast, and at nine o'clock, we were off for Jackson. I was obliged to ride in an open platform car, and notwithstanding Miss Fackler's comfortable helmet, Mrs. Pope's gloves, and mother's overcoat, I suffered intensely from the cold. Enjoyed a fine dinner.



at the Jackson City Hotel ; but had to borrow money to pay for it, as I had loaned my last cent to my hungry comrades to get breakfast at Humboldt. Such is my experience of the retreat from Columbus.

*March 4th.*—Humboldt. Left Jackson this morning at 8 o'clock, and rejoined my regiment at this place. Arrived here at ten o'clock, and pitched tents in the afternoon. Lost my knapsack with several articles of clothing, towels, and blacking brush. Raining hard.

*March 6th.*—A very cold day. As I was going to the depot this morning, I met Captain Mellersh, who said "Come with me," declining to tell me where he was going, but intimating that he was about to start on a secret and dangerous expedition in the direction of the enemy. He selected fifteen trusty fellows, and we were soon at the depot, waiting for the train. At 12 o'clock the conductor shouted "all aboard," and at 3 o'clock, we were at Paris, twenty miles from the Tennessee river. It is now understood that we are to go as near the river as we can and take down the telegraph wire. We all supped at the Yowell house. It is snowing, and we may look for a rough time.

*March 7th.*—We proceeded as far as West Sandy Creek with the cars, where our progress was arrested by the burning of the bridge. Our squad here divided—five going forward with a hand car that we lifted across the stream; the rest of us returning with the engine, and taking down the wire at the rate of one mile an hour. We secured about four miles of wire, and will probably get the remainder tomorrow. On our way down the car was thrown from the track, but we were fortunately running at a very slow rate of speed, and no damage was done. We enjoyed a fine country dinner at a farm house.

*Sunday, March 9th.*—Paris. Attended preaching this morning, and visited the cemetery. There were a few handsome monuments, but the place seemed greatly neglected. On the gate was this inscription, "Injure nothing here; it may be thy resting place." After dinner we started to West Sandy to meet our comrades who had been taking down the wire from the river to Big Sandy. John and Will Trigg, Claridge, Ed. Owen, and I were left with the train while the others went on to bring the wire. While they were gone we employed ourselves in getting wood and bailing water for the engine. At nine o'clock we went to supper. The early part of the night was beautiful and the moon was shining brightly, but dark clouds began to gather, and while at supper a heavy rain com-



menced falling. As we returned to the creek with the engine, we struck the cars a tremendous blow that sent me reeling on my face. Fortunately none of us were seriously hurt, and the only damage done was the throwing of the hindmost car from the track. Our boys had begun to arrive with the wire, and in a few minutes they were all in, wet and hungry. We detached the box car, went up to the farm house, and will wait until daylight for further operations.

*March 10th.*—Bright and early this morning we were at work getting over the wire, which was rather a dangerous business, as the logs on which we crossed were slippery, and the creek very high, almost running over its banks. We, however, succeeded in getting over all the wire without an accident, and after putting the car on the track we turned our faces towards Humboldt, the whistle blew, and we were off. We stopped at the farm house and enjoyed a substantial breakfast. At 2 P. M., we left Paris, and arrived at Humboldt about five o'clock, all in fine spirits, and highly pleased with our trip, notwithstanding the fact that I returned minus my boots and hat. We secured the whole of the wire from Tennessee river to Paris.

*March 15th.*—Bethel, 12 M. We have had a hard time for the past twenty-four hours. On Thursday night we were ordered to get ready to march. At two o'clock our baggage was all on board the train, and we left at six o'clock yesterday morning, and reached here last night. The rain poured down in torrents all day and night, and the cars were so densely packed, that I was compelled to stand on the top of a box car, with no protection from the rain. I have not been in a horizontal position for two nights, and haversacks are empty. Wet and cold, sleepy and hungry—such are some of the hardships incident to a retreating army.

*Sunday, March 16th.*—Have just finished reading a few chapters in my Testament. We are cooking three days' rations, and are expecting marching orders every moment. The enemy are reported advancing on Purdy, and it is supposed that we will be ordered to meet the advancing foe. General Bragg is in command of our troops, and I feel confident of our ability to drive the enemy back to their boats. Am getting anxious to hear from home. Suffered last night with severe pain in my bones. We have received intelligence confirming General Price's victory in the west; also that General McCown has repulsed the enemy at New Madrid. It is reported that General Price killed and captured 18,000 of the enemy.

*March 17th.*—Purdy. A bright and beautiful morning succeeded the dark and gloomy weather of the past few days. We left Bethel at noon, and arrived here at 3 o'clock. We are encamped in the woods, without tents, having left everything except our blankets and such provisions as we could carry in our haversacks.

*March 18th.*—The weather is so pleasant that I lay under the shade of a large oak all the morning and read a worthless novel. This evening Colonel Smith secured comfortable quarters for us in the town of Purdy. We marched in about 3 o'clock, and after "dress parade," repaired to our quarters in the old College building. We had just laid aside our arms when a courier came galloping up at full speed, and reported the enemy just outside the town. We were soon drawn up in line of battle, and a body of Lincoln cavalry appeared on the top of a neighboring hill, overlooking the river. They presented a very imposing spectacle with their gay uniforms and sabres gleaming brightly in the rays of the setting sun. We charged with a cheer, when the enemy turned their faces towards the Tennessee river and fled without a single exchange of compliments.

*March 19th.*—Was delighted to find, this morning, in the college library, the "Life and Works of John Adams." Read a few extracts from his diary. Detailed to escort the provision wagons to Bethel. Soon after we reached here we were ordered to pack up everything for Corinth. The enemy are reported advancing in force on that place. The regiment arrived at 3 o'clock.

*March 20th.*—This morning we were ordered to leave our baggage in an old shop, and march back to Purdy with the Second Tennessee regiment, and two guns of Polk's battery.

*Sunday—March 23d.*—Have spent the past few days in the old College building at Purdy, lolling about lazily and indifferent to surrounding circumstances. The weather has been cold, dark and dreary, and my spirits are in sympathy with the weather. I see no bright ray of hope, no bow of promise in the cloud. Sad and weary I turn to the Word of God for encouragement and consolation.

*March 24th.*—On picket duty with the entire company. We lay in ambush for the enemy, but he did not pass this way. Spent a portion of the day reading the "Lost Heiress."

*March 25th.*—This has been one of the loveliest of days. I am writing in the observatory of the college, and have a most enchant-

ing view of the little town of Purdy, and the surrounding country. The sun has just gone down, and this is the hour when I love to be alone for meditation on the works and nature of the great Creator. I form good resolutions, but alas, how soon they are shaken like a reed by the wind, when I descend from the mount and walk along the dusty highways of the busy world.

*March 26th.*—On guard to-day. The quiet of our camp was broken by a false alarm, caused by our cavalry. Fielding Hunt and his gang keep out of danger.

*March 28th.*—The weather is so mild and pleasant that I could not resist the inclination to bathe, and as I had not changed my clothing for four weeks, I washed my clothes and hung them out to dry while I was in the water.

*March 29th.*—Awoke this morning, after a very uncomfortable night, feeling quite unwell from the effects of my imprudence. Company drill in the morning, and battalion drill in the afternoon.

*Sunday, March 30th.*—This morning the solemn peals of the church bells, summoning the people to the house of prayer, reminded me that this was the day of our Lord. After inspection, I mechanically followed the crowd, and soon found myself seated in the house of God. The preacher dwelt upon the goodness of God, and made an urgent appeal to the soldiers to cease cursing and blaspheming the name of their Creator and best friend.

*March 31st.*—My company is on picket to-day. I was excused from duty on the ground of sickness. Remained in camp all day, and spent the time in reading a temperance novel.

*April 2nd.*—The enemy are reported advancing, and are said to be only five miles away. If the report is correct, we may look for warm work to-morrow. Am feeling quite unwell, but hope to report for duty before we are ordered to meet the enemy.

*April 3d.*—The regiment is under marching orders, and the sick are to be sent by rail to Corinth. I am not well enough to march, and am compelled to go to Corinth with the invalid corps. I hope, however, to rejoin the regiment before they meet the foe.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

**A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns.**

*By* MAJOR E. T. SYKES, *of Columbus, Miss.*

## PAPER NO. I.

[The following sketches were written by Major Sykes in January, 1873, and are now given just as they were originally prepared, with a few notes added. It is scarcely necessary to say that we publish without comment of our own, and without expressing any opinion as to certain controverted points.]

Although remotely removed from the exciting events which transpired during the four years of "War between the States," and reason has had time to coolly weigh with the accuracy of justice the motives and conduct of those superiors, who were at the helm of State, or generalship in the field, how few there are who have given thought sufficient to the real issues, its magnitude and surrounding, or sufficiently studied the military genius in more than one way displayed by our commanding Generals to meet the ever varying emergencies, to correctly estimate their respective merits. The cause of this apparent apathy and indifference to studious reflection and investigation of the philosophy of the war's history, can only be referable to the tyranny inflicted by our conquerors upon the South, and the consequent dethronement for the duration of their oppression, of all spirit of their former patriotism or desire to know ought else save the means of escape from this the "Iliad of their woes," "pro-consuls for governors and task-masters to rule over us." The truth is, the South is too supine—while the North and West are pursuing with vigor the path which their high destiny is pointing out to them, and wooing every breeze which may waft them onwards, we have cast anchor in the midst of a howling political and social storm, and are amusing ourselves with conjuring up phantoms of a past age, discussing the principles of a departed race of politicians, and talking of bringing back the government to its old republican tack; as if any government ever did or ever could go backwards. We forget, for the time, that the political institutions of a country may be wrecked on the rock of faction, or engulfed in a vortex of effeminacy or vice, may fail from too much weakness or too much weight, yet that it is certain, no nation was ever rescued from a danger before it, by an attempt to recede, or ever found a grave near the spot where it was "rocked in its cradle."

For one, I am disposed to forego these once honored, but now useless reflections, and for a time to recur to the scenes of the past, simply to note down my recollections as an eye-witness and observer of the movements and operations of the "Army of Pensacola," and subsequently of Mississippi and Tennessee, while commanded by General Braxton Bragg, thinking the same will be appreciated by those who followed the varying fortunes of his standard, but were not behind the scenes, and hence could not know so much as I.

If, as one of his little, but solid army of Pensacola, I should be led to write aught in these lines which could be interpreted into a partial narrative, I desire it to be attributed to my high appreciation of that officer's worth, whether displayed in the arduous and ungrateful returns incident to the organization and disciplining an army, or skill exhibited in planning and executing a campaign, or unflinching courage brilliantly shone forth on the field of battle, and not to an invidious spirit, hoping to do injustice to others whose mead of praise arising from Southern bosoms, is deservedly overflowing.

THE PENSACOLA CAMPAIGN.—As a member of one of the first companies who left (March 27th, 1861), the borders of his home to participate in the threatened struggle, which soon thereafter assumed and continued to maintain gigantic proportions, I was ordered to Pensacola where General Bragg was hastily but surely organizing his little army which was afterwards to play a conspicuous part in the great drama of war. I pass hurriedly over the incidents of his bold threatenings of Fort Pickens, and the masterly defensive cordon of forts and batteries extending from the Navy Yard to and beyond Fort McRea, a distance of nearly five miles, the whole being equidistant from Fort Pickens, conceived in his brain, and erected under his immediate supervision, as well as the bombardment of Fort Pickens, we will soon notice him in a broader and nobler, if possible, field of action.

The first incident of importance and which looked like work after the burning by the enemy of the dry-dock in Pensacola harbor, was on the night of September 3d, 1861, when about three o'clock in the morning, five launches from Santa Rosa Island, distant two miles, containing about thirty men each, manning a pivot howitzer, with muffled oars quietly landed at the Navy Yard under cover of the darkness, and led by an officer with the courage of a Numidian lion, succeeded in burning the large schooner of our harbor police. They were not discovered until very near the wharf, and not in time to call out the troops, before the schooner was boarded with the

command, "board her boys!" whilst the officer, with cutlass in one hand and a torch in the other, led the way until he had succeeded in throwing the flambeau into her hold, and then seeing that their mission had been accomplished beat a hasty retreat. As they were rapidly putting for the Island and had gained a safe distance from the yard, they sent back a shower of grape from their howitzers, directed upon our men, then being rapidly formed, which fire being rendered uncertain by the darkness, only two were wounded.

The next incident of a really exciting nature was an attack in three columns, respectively led by Colonels J. Patton Anderson, of Florida, Jas. R. Chalmers, of Mississippi and J. R. Jackson, of Georgia, all under command of Brigadier-General Richard Anderson, upon Wilson's Zouaves, encamped just outside Fort Pickens, in which a partial success was gained, and, but for an unfortunate accident, great advantage would have accrued. This was a little before day on the morning of the 8th of October,—a few were killed and wounded on both sides, and some prisoners captured by each belligerent. Among the prisoners taken from us was the entire medical corps, (Dr. W. L. Lipscomb, of the Tenth Mississippi included) who had remained with the wounded. The prisoner of the most importance taken from the enemy, and the first prisoner of war I had ever seen, was one Major Vodges. On returning from the Island, and while the machinery of one of our tow-boats was out of order, several of our men were wounded by small arms fired from the enemy on the Island, among them, General Anderson, who was shot in the arm.

The bombardment of the 22d and 23d of November, 1861, was commenced by Colonel Brown, commanding Fort Pickens, and in about one-half hour afterwards, responded to by our entire line of fortifications. The enemy's land fortifications were aided by the two large men-of-war, the Richmond and Niagara, commanded by flag-officer McKean. 'Twas said by the enemy that the damage done to Fort Pickens was slight, whilst they with their hot shot and shell set fire to several houses at the Navy Yard, silenced several of our land batteries, and came near demolishing Fort McRea. Be the enemy's damage slight as he represented it, it is pregnant with meaning, when he failed to renew the bombardment on the morning of the 24th, after boastfully commencing it two days previous.

THE ARMY UNDER GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT CORINTH AND SHILOH—General Bragg's forces remained in the

successful defence of Pensacola and the Navy Yard, until February or early in March, when the disasters of Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland, and Henry on the Tennessee rivers, together with the evacuation by our forces, and the occupation by the enemy of Southern Kentucky, Middle and West Tennessee, and North Alabama, resulted in a concentration of all our available force under Albert Sidney Johnston, along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, with Corinth as its center and base.

Having organized his splendid troops, General Johnston, with General Beauregard as second in command, put in motion on the morning of the 3d of April, 1862, the "Army of the Mississippi," to offer battle to the invaders of our soil. The attack was to have been made on the 6th, before Buell, who was marching to the assistance of Grant, at Pittsburg Landing, could possibly reach him, but owing to the bad roads, the Confederates were unable to reach the destined point in time. Resting for the night in order of battle, a short distance from the enemy's camp, with only now and then a picket shot to relieve the suspense, we commenced to advance at early dawn, and by sunrise came fairly upon them. Hardie commanded the front line, with Gladden's and Chalmers's brigades of Bragg's corps on his right, Bragg's corps, less the two brigades above-mentioned, constituting the second line, followed about four hundred yards distant. The corps of General Polk, following the second line at the distance of about eight hundred yards, in lines of brigades, deployed with their batteries in rear of each, protected by cavalry on their right. The reserves under General Breckenridge followed closely the third line in the same order, its right wing supported by cavalry. Well do I remember, being then Adjutant of the Tenth Mississippi infantry, of Chalmers's brigade, how all were spoiling for their maiden fight, in which, before they were through, they were willing to acknowledge that of choice, they would thereafter exhibit less of reckless anxiety, and more of prudent discretion. As the Tenth Mississippi (Colonel Robt. A. Smith commanding, and who was subsequently killed in the battle of Mumsfordville, Ky., and than whom no braver spirit or better officer gave up his life during the war,\*) descended the last hill, in full view of the enemy's

\* General Bragg's estimate of Colonel Smith may be seen from the following letter:

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,  
WATER WORKS DEP'T COMMERC'L BANK,  
*New Orleans, Jan'y 22, 1863.*

DEAR SIR:—It affords me great pleasure to receive your note of the 4th



camp, it was discovered by the position of an Indiana regiment standing behind an improvised breastwork of knapsacks, a little retired from the crest of the hill beyond, with "arms ready," that we were too far to the left, and ordered to march by the right flank down the ravine, until our right opposed their extreme left.

And now comes the strange part of this sketch. Not a gun in our regiment was loaded. In the verdancy of our military career and ardor for fight, we had overlooked one of its most essential precautions.

I heard Colonel Smith, who was sitting upon his horse a few paces in front of his line, and from his elevated position, exposed to the enemy not fifty yards off, give the commands: "Order arms," "Load," "Fix bayonets," "Shoulder arms." Then followed this pertinent language: "Soldiers, we have been ordered to charge those fellows in blue (pointing with his sword to the enemy); I want you when I give the order to forward, to advance steadily to the top of the hill, fire with deliberation, and then *give them the bayonet.*" "Forward, then," was the next sound heard, and Smith's orders, as always, were observed. Both parties fired about the same time with deadly effect, after which the enemy broke and fled in confusion. General Chalmers immediately rode up to Colonel Smith, and after remarking in my presence, that he deserved to be a Major-General, commanded him not again to expose himself so recklessly, but it being purely a personal, and not strictly a military order, was not obeyed, until soon after his horse was shot from under him.

Throughout that day, the right, under Bragg, did not sustain a reverse, but took position after position in such quick succession as to justify the confident belief that the entire Federal army under General Grant would be annihilated before the close of the day.

About 4 P. M., as we were halted in line of battle to reform, while a brigade of prisoners just captured were being escorted by our

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inst., enclosing the *carte de visite* of my late friend and fellow-soldier, Colonel Robert A. Smith, Tenth Mississippi volunteers. Entering the service at an early age, without military experience or education, the Colonel fell in the gallant discharge of an almost desperate assault, in less than eighteen months, esteemed and honored for his acquirements and heroic deportment. To me his loss was severe, for I had looked to him for support, in a much higher and extended command.

Please convey my thanks to the Colonel's brother for this mark of kind remembrance, and believe me, truly,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

To Chas. L. Gaston, Esq'r, Jackson, Miss.



cavalry to the rear, and preparatory to our final attack on that day, General Bragg, who justly felt proud of his day's work, was seen riding alone in front of his victorious lines, and rapidly approaching our front. As he reached us, General Chalmers, who was likewise exultant over the action of his brigade, rose in his stirrups, and waving a flag shouted, "Pensacola troops, three cheers for our beloved commander!" Recognizing the compliment, and feeling that he had troops to follow where he was prepared to lead, he reined up, faced the brigade, and with head uncovered, looked the "noblest Roman of them all."

The white-plumed Henry of Navarre never inspired his fiery Frenchmen with more ardent enthusiasm than did this scene of Bragg's awakened the glow of patriotism in the breasts of his Pensacola boys. They—officers and private soldiers—mutually felt that that day's victory belonged equally to both and all.

Soon after this exhilarating scene, we were again put in motion to attack the enemy's last stronghold, being twenty-two guns massed in a semi-circle on an elongated eminence protecting his centre and left, and which proved a bulwark between us and their destruction or surrender. Amidst the confusion of orders, some to "advance," some to "retreat," occasioned by the general order of Beauregard to retire for the night, we were in a fated hour repulsed, never again to enjoy the pleasure of having them so near in our grasp. Time, such as Wellington prayed for on the plains of Waterloo, "Oh! for Blucher, or for night," was given to them, and they profited thereby. Buell crossed the Tennessee, and the next morning, the 7th, was as disastrous to our arms as the day before had been propitious.

About 11 o'clock A. M. on the 7th, Bragg's line, or at least that part of it in which was Chalmers's brigade, which had been fighting from the firing of the first gun on the 6th till then, fatigued and worn out, was ordered to lie down, whilst Breckinridge, with his brave Kentuckians, passed over them to the front, and in a few moments to fall like sheep in the shambles.

This was the last of my participation in the battle of Shiloh. From that time until our retreat that evening, I enjoyed the safety of being simply an eye-witness of other combatants—a condition in war far more satisfactory and preferable to one who has just had enough, than rushing headlong against minnie-balls and grape-shot.

Though in that battle many a brave and good man was made to bite the dust, others equally brave and good survived to receive

their country's praise and honors. Among the latter was General Braxton Bragg, who was immediately promoted to the full proportions of General in the regular army.

EVACUATION OF CORINTH, AND GENERAL BRAGG PLACED IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY.—Shortly after the evacuation of Corinth by our forces, which was completed on the night of the 29th of May, General Beauregard's health having for a time failed him, he was granted a leave of absence by the Department at Richmond, and General Bragg placed in full command of the "Army of the Mississippi," and soon thereafter inaugurated his celebrated Kentucky campaign. Leaving General Price behind, he moved with the remainder of his army from Tupelo, Mississippi, by rail through the States of Alabama and Georgia, and massed it in and around Chattanooga and Knoxville, in advance of Buell, who, about the 10th day of June, left Corinth with the main body of his army, *via* Huntsville, Alabama, for Chattanooga.

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"The Nathan Hale of Arkansas"—David O. Dodd.

*By Prof. W. C. PARHAM.*

BENTON, ARK., MAY 26TH, 1883.

REV. DR. J. WM. JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

MY DEAR SIR,—I enjoyed the great pleasure of hearing General Fitzhugh Lee's graphic description of the Battle of Chancellorsville, in Little Rock, last winter. In the felicitous prefatory remarks made by yourself, I was particularly struck with one terse sentence: "Let those who made the history tell it as it was." In this connection you distinctly expressed it as the desire of the Society, to receive contributions from any source, particularly from Confederate sources, giving information bearing either upon the general conduct of the "War between the States," or even upon well authenticated incidents of a personal nature, in that great struggle. In reply to that request, publicly expressed, I propose to give you an account of a tragical incident which occurred in the Trans-Mississippi Department, during the winter of 1863-4.

Some years ago, while I was lecturing on the Greek and Latin languages in St. John's College of this State, the editors of a

monthly periodical, *The St. John's College Record*, published and edited by our students, requested me to write for their paper, a series of articles, giving a history of the college, and of some of its prominent alumni. In the course of these articles I gave a detailed account of the apprehension, conviction and execution, as a *Confederate spy*, of David O. Dodd, an ex-student of the college, and whose tragic death had been embalmed in verse by Fannie Green Borland, the gifted poetess of the West, under the caption of "The Nathan Hale of Arkansas." I have recently endeavored to find a file of that paper, from which I wished to extract the account there given, and send it to you. I have been unable to procure it, and so will write it out again for your use, as my memory may best serve me.

On the 10th day of September, 1863, the Confederate commander of this district, Major-General Sterling Price, evacuated Little Rock, and went into winter-quarters eighteen miles west of Camden, on the Ouachita river. The enemy, under Major-General Steele, occupied our capital on the afternoon of the same day, and at once established garrisons at several points on Arkansas river. The father of David O. Dodd, our hero, had refuged with his family and effects to Texas before the fall of Little Rock. In November of that year, he sent his son David, a youth just seventeen years of age, back to Arkansas to settle up some unfinished business in Saline county, their late home, about fifteen miles southwest of Little Rock. While he knew it would be hazardous for him to venture so near the Union lines in person, he thought that there could be no risk in sending his son, who had not reached military age. Of course David could not pass the Confederate pickets on Saline river without a pass from Confederate headquarters. General James F. Fagan was at that time in command of the Confederate cavalry, with headquarters in Camden, on the Ouachita, some ninety miles south of Little Rock. General Fagan's home was in Saline county, and the General had known young Dodd from his infancy. He promptly gave him a pass to go beyond the Confederate lines, and jocularly remarked to him as he handed it to him, "Now, David, you know every foot of country about Little Rock, and, as a return for this pass, I shall expect you to go into Little Rock, inform yourself as to the position, numbers, and designs of the enemy, and report to me on your way back to Texas." General Fagan knew him to be brave, patriotic, and trustworthy. He

determined to enter Little Rock, remain long enough to pick up all information of value that he could get, and report to Fagan as directed. Consequently, early in December, he went as a farmer's son to Little Rock, where everybody knew him, and pretended to be seeking business of some sort. He had spent the most of his school life in the city, and, of course, had no difficulty in getting lodging and accommodations without expense. He remained in the city three weeks, freely mingling with the Federal officers and soldiers in that garrison. Finally, he applied at General Steele's headquarters for a pass to go into the country. He was told to apply at the provost-marshal's office. He did so, and unhesitatingly and almost without question was granted a pass. He left the city on the military road, leading in a southwesterly direction, intending to cross Saline river just west of the village of Benton, the county seat of Saline county, twenty-six miles from Little Rock. Within a mile after leaving the city, he had to pass the infantry pickets, who examined his pass and permitted him to proceed. He knew that the cavalry videttes were stationed about three miles down the road, and might very easily have avoided them by taking the woods on either side of the road; but supposing that his pass would prove as safe a protection with the cavalry as it had with the infantry, he proceeded down the road till he reached the headquarters of the cavalry picket, when his pass was demanded, examined, and pronounced good. He was allowed to pass, but the officer in charge of the picket *retained the pass*, saying that orders had been issued *that day* to take up all passes as soon as the holder should pass the last station, and this was the last on that road. Thinking that he would not again be challenged, he still kept on the road leading to Benton. About ten miles from Little Rock the Hot Springs road branches off from the military road, and by mistake he took this road, and did not discover his mistake until he had proceeded some miles. He now thinking himself safe, started through the woods to intersect the road, he ought to have taken, near Benton. In his attempt to do this, he unexpectedly came upon a squad of cavalry that had gone into the country on a foraging expedition. Having no pass to show, he was at once arrested and examined carefully; and *sewed up between the soles of his boots were found papers with unintelligible marks and dots on them*. He was taken back to the city, and his papers proved to contain a complete and accurate description of Steele's positions, and *some of his real intentions*, (which he

(Steele) thought that nobody, excepting his own military family, knew,) in *telegraphic characters*.

Of course, he was tried and condemned as a spy. In view of his extreme youth, General Steele was at first unwilling to execute him, and he paid him a visit in the prison, and offered him his life, on the condition that he would tell what Federal officer had furnished him such intelligence as his papers disclosed. Young Dodd did not deny that he had received aid in gathering the information, but positively refused to inculcate any one else. He had served as telegraph operator for a short time, and knew how to use the characters. On the eighth day of January, 1864, he was hung just in front of the main entrance to St. John's College, his alma mater, after again refusing to give General Steele any information as to his accomplices. General Steele approached him while the rope was around his neck, and said, "David, I *know* that one of my own personal staff must have given you a part of that information, for nobody else knew it. Give me his name and I will give you your life." With perfect calmness, but in tones of the deepest resolution, he answered, "General Steele, I don't blame you for what I am about to suffer. I thank you for your great kindness to me while under arrest, but I will not betray a friend, even to save my own life; and 'my only regret is, I have but one life to give to my country;'" thus repeating the last words of Nathan Hale of Revolutionary fame.

He was hung. His body was buried in Mt. Holly cemetery, and the ladies of Little Rock have erected a marble monument to his memory.

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Report of Major-General S. B. Buckner of the Battle of Chickamauga.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR CHATTANOOGA,  
November 11, 1863.

COLONEL SORREL,

*Assistant Adjutant-General Longstreet's Corps:*

COLONEL,—I have the honor to submit, in connection with the reports of my subordinate commanders, the following synopsis of the military movements of Buckner's corps on the 18th, 19th and 20th September, 1863:

The corps consisted of the division of Major-General A. P. Stewart, which was composed of Johnson's Brown's, Bates's and Clay-

ton's brigades, and of the division of Brigadier-General William Preston, composed of the brigades of Brigadier-General Gracie, and of Colonels Trigg and Kelly, of a battalion of artillery to each division, and a battalion of reserve artillery, under Major S. C. Williams, Brigadier-General Johnson's brigade having been detached several days before, by orders from army headquarters, was engaged under its gallant commander under the orders of another corps commander, and did not report to me until two days after the battle.

On the morning of the 18th, I moved from a point on Peavine Creek, midway between Peavine Church and Rock Spring Church, under orders to cross the West Chickamauga river at Thedford's ford, after Major-General Walker's division had succeeded in crossing below me. Part of my route being common with that of Walker's column, my march was somewhat retarded by the encounter of the two columns, but notwithstanding this I occupied, about 2 P. M., with Stewart's division, after a brisk skirmish, the crossing at Thedford's ford, and with Preston's division, without opposition, the crossing at Hunt's or Dalton's Ford. In this position, holding both banks of the stream, I awaited the movements of Walker on my right.

At daylight on the 19th, under instructions from the commanding General, I crossed my entire corps to the west bank and formed it in line of battle—Stewart on the right, (on the left of Hood's division,) facing southwest, in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill; General Cheatham's division, as I was informed, being directed to sustain me in the proposed advance. About noon, when the enemy's attack on Walker had been met, and Cheatham's division, which had been sent to sustain him, had become hotly engaged, Stewart's division was detached, by the orders of the commanding General, to support Cheatham. For the operations of his division until he again came under my orders, on the following afternoon, I refer to the report of its able commander.

In obedience to the orders of the commanding General, I remained with my remaining division to hold the extreme left of the line. With this view I deployed Preston's division on a line extending from an abrupt elevation on the bank of the river along a ridge in a northwest direction—the flanks well sustained by artillery. Considerable skirmishing took place towards the right of this line—the enemy falling back in a southwest direction—and the troops were

considerably exposed to artillery fire during the day. Being informed by a staff officer of the commanding General, that General Hood, who had advanced to my right, was hard pressed, and being requested to reinforce him, as far as I could, I immediately, about 3 o'clock P. M., sent to his assistance the brigade of Colonel Trigg. The gallant and successful charge of this brigade drove back the advancing enemy and relieved the left of Hood, which was outflanked and retiring before the enemy's heavy attack. During the day both Stewart's division and Trigg's brigade had penetrated the enemy's line and passed beyond the Chattanooga road; but at night both were drawn back into positions which would conform to the general line, which had pushed forward during the day's action. During the night of the 19th I materially strengthened the position on the left by entrenchments.

On the morning of the 20th, Lieutenant-General Longstreet assumed command of the left wing. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he, in person, ordered me to conduct Preston's division—leaving one regiment and a battery to hold the left—to the Chattanooga road. Between 3 and 4 o'clock it was formed as follows: Gracie's and Kelly's brigades in two lines, at right angles to the road north of Brotherton's, and just in rear of Poe's, commonly called the "Burnt House"; Trigg's brigade just south of Brotherton's house, and supporting Williams's artillery. At this time Stewart was in line, his left advanced in front of Preston's right, his right receding, forming an obtuse angle with Preston's line. In his front was a heavy breastwork of logs, on the summit of a slight ridge heavily wooded and strongly held by the enemy's infantry and artillery. His right flank was opposite the angle of this work; his centre, facing towards the northwest, was opposed to the flank of the work, which was perpendicular to the road. On Stewart's right, in front of the face of the work, and parallel to the Chattanooga road, was Cleburne's division, of Hill's corps. Brigadier-General Law's brigade, of Hood's division, was in line perpendicular to the road to the left, and slightly in advance of Preston, and close by the burnt house (Poe's), near which was a battery of Hood's artillery. A personal reconnoissance, in company with the Lieutenant-General commanding, showed an advantageous position for artillery in front of Poe's burning house, from which point the enemy's main line, which fronted eastward, and was situated a little to the east of Kelly's field, was exposed to an enfilade fire, or rather to a fire slightly in reverse. His right flank, as before stated, was



thrown back at right-angles to the road, and was located behind log breastworks, in the heavy wood between Poe's and Kelly's fields. As the enemy's right had been beaten back, it had, by a conversion on this angle of their work as a pivot, been gradually driven to assume a position also at right angles to the road, his right resting on a chain of heights beginning near Snodgrass's house, about a fourth of a mile west of Kelly's house, on the road, and extending westward about one mile to the Crawfish road. These heights constitute the southern spurs which terminate Missionary Ridge—are covered with open woods—have a gentle but irregular slope on the south, the north and the east, and their summits are fully a hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country. A little after four o'clock P. M., under instructions from the Lieutenant-General commanding, I ordered Preston, with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades, to support Kershaw's brigade in the attack on the heights near Snodgrass's house, sustaining him afterwards by Trigg's brigade, under the able direction of Brigadier-General Preston, the first two brigades passed Kershaw's and Anderson's brigades, which had suffered severely in the action, and, with great impetuosity assailed the enemy in his almost impregnable position. Trigg, on coming up, was directed to the left of Kelly, and joining in a simultaneous movement of Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson's division still farther to the left, pierced and turned the enemy's line, and, in conjunction with Kelly, Gracie and Robertson drove him from his strong position into the ravines beyond, where a large number of prisoners were captured. For the details of this brilliant action, I refer you to the graphic report of Brigadier-General Preston.

While this action was progressing, the Lieutenant-General commanding directed Stewart's division to advance, and to aid the combined attack, I ordered, by his authority, Williams's battalion of reserve artillery to be placed in position in front of Poe's house. This was done under the immediate direction of Major Porter, my chief of artillery. About this time the enemy were moving re-inforcements to sustain his right, which was staggering under the terrific assault of Preston. Williams, with eleven pieces of artillery, opened upon this re-inforcing column with destructive effect, dispersing it in every direction, and silencing his artillery. At the same time Stewart assaulted the enemy's works, and captured a number of prisoners, who dared not cross the stream of fire which Williams poured across their path. Stewart, in advancing, also



threw forward one of his batteries, which joined in the fire. As he advanced, I conducted Darden's battery, of Williams's artillery, to Kelly's field; but this battery, as well as Stewart's division, it now being nightfall, was withdrawn into the edge of the wood, as we encountered in our advance the right wing of our army, which joined in the assault of the enemy's works, and was moving in a direction perpendicular to our line of march. The continued cheers of the army announced, at dark, that every point of the field had been gained. Stewart bivouacked within the entrenchments he had assaulted; Preston, upon the heights he had so gallantly won.

For the details of the action, of which this report is only a brief synopsis, and a notice of individual conduct, I respectfully refer you to the reports of the division, brigade, and regimental commanders, and of the chief and battalion commanders of the artillery, which are herewith transmitted.

To the gentlemen of my staff I am indebted for their prompt and gallant discharge of duty on every occasion. No commendation from me can add to the well earned reputation of Major-General Stewart and his able brigadiers—Johnston, who was detached, and in command of an improvised division, Brown, Bate and Clayton. They were worthy leaders of the brave troops, nearly all of them veterans, whom they so gallantly led.

Upon Brigadier-General Preston and his brigade commanders, Brigadier-General Gracie, and Colonels Trigg and Kelly, I cannot bestow higher praise than to say, that their conduct and example were such as to convert a body of troops, but few of whom had before been under fire, into a division of veterans in their first battle. Stewart's veterans maintained the reputation they had won on many fields. Preston's troops emulated their example and equalled them in merit.

The recapitulation of the heavy losses sustained in both divisions, is a sad testimony of the soldierly qualities of the survivors. Few troops, who have suffered so heavily, have been victorious on the field of their losses. But the result is only another evidence of the invincible spirit of our people, which, under the guidance of Providence, must finally win us our independence as a nation.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,

*Major-General, lately commanding Buckner's Corps.*

## Anecdotes of the War.

By Major JOHN A. HAMILTON.

A young Englishman—a specimen Dalgetty, joined our command. When asked, why? he replied, "I happened over here." Had he "happened" over there, he'd have shot at us briskly as he shot for us. In those days field glasses pretentiously decorated the lowest order of officers as well as the higher. Our Dalgetty saw this, and got him three joints of cane which he adjusted to imitate a spy-glass. Fastening it with a profusion of tarred string he mounted a lofty lookout and leveled his mock glass at the enemy's batteries. Soon after he slid with a thump to the ground, and threw away his spying tube; when asked, "what ailed him," he replied, "I brought the Yanks too close up." Field glasses were seen only with field officers after that.

An order had gone out, "furloughs only when death is in the family." Our Englishman applied for leave; his paper read, "I've lost my grandmother." It was approved, and Dalgetty was passing Colonel ———, a splendid officer, "I am sorry to hear of your affliction, when did your grandmother die?" "She was very old, Colonel, and could not have lasted longer." Dalgetty moved on. "But when did the old lady die?" returned the ex-West Pointer. "It is quite an affliction, sir, and we'll miss her," said Dalgetty, still on the move. "Perhaps you are hard of hearing—when did she die?" asked the Colonel with a voice sufficient for a brigade front. "She's been dead *forty years*, sir; I can't lie about it, but I ought to get a furlough on it." The Colonel had to break out in a laugh as he saw Dalgetty going doggedly back to camp. A few days after Dalgetty got a ball in his leg; as it hit him he slapped the limb and shouted: "Thirty days and no death in the family."

One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy were only a few rods in front. "Halt, dismount, and give the countersign," came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major ———, a very Palladin for courage and strength, had rolled

in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyances thus, "cuss the durned infantry, they mek me halt, dismount, and give the counter-sign, till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness." A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff officer of a General, who had lost an arm, put in his say so: "I say, hold that noise, the General wants to rest; don't let me hear any more of it." Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff; "— it, did I not order you to stop this noise. Who is it? I'll have him arrested." Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears, began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at donkey, said, "*One at a time, if you please.*" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major — (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.

Lieutenant — was drill-master. He could polish a steel bit or scabbard, or roll a blanket as neatly as any of the "Queen's Horse Guard," of which he had been. He messed alone—cause, a huge appetite, and personal want of regard for soap. One morning I met him standing with one boot on, the other laying about fifty feet away, and his *tout ensemble* of morning toilet in sorry plight. "What is the matter, Lieutenant?" "The matter is it? The devils the matter, I'm thinking." He pointed tragically at the boot, then at his log shanty. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong is it, down with the sheebang; blow her up wid gunpowder; she's full of shnakes; look in my boot." Sure enough a little grass snake had gone to bed in his boot, and the Lieutenant put his foot in it. He felt the squirm and his Celtic nature disgusted fled from boot and house with horror. The drill-master could face the foe but could not foot a grass snake.

**A Soldier's Account of the Gettysburg Campaign. Letter from George W. Beale (son of General R. L. T. Beale)**

FOUR MILES NORTHWEST OF WILLIAMSPORT, MD.  
July 13th, 1863.

DEAREST MOTHER,—My last letter to you was written in Loudoun county, and so hurriedly and under such circumstances as to render it very brief and unsatisfactory, I have no doubt. In that letter I informed you of the many trials and dangers we had passed through, and how the tender mercy of our indulgent Heavenly Parent had so wonderfully attended us, and how through it we had been spared in health and soundness. How few and trivial the sufferings and dangers I then referred to, compared with those through which we have since passed; and if such were possible, how more boundless and vast the compassionate love and care displayed towards us by Him who ordaineth all things! We, are yet alive and well! Surely our hearts should melt in gratitude to God, for the privilege of being able to say so. I am this morning lying flat upon the ground under a very low-pitched, leaky shelter, our horses saddled and bridled, and we in momentary expectation of being called upon to fight.

Meanwhile the rain is descending in torrents, so dampening my paper as to render it almost useless to attempt to use ink upon it. Under these circumstances, I am sure I will not be able to write you such a letter as our long silence should lead you to expect. Upon the very day I wrote to you last, our brigade, with General F. Lee's and Hampton's, started from Lovdon in a southerly direction, encamping at night, for a few hours, near Salem, in Fauquier. This move, considering the direction our army was marching, filled us all with astonishment, and was one, the mystery of which, none of us could understand. The fact that General Stuart headed the expedition led many of us to believe that our journey southward would not continue long.

Leaving Salem at 3 o'clock A. M., Thursday morning, June —, we moved against Thoroughfare Gap, and crossing the rugged mountains, attacked a wagon train, but did nothing more than throw some shells in among them. That night was rainy and disagreeable, and we spent it without shelters or fires. Next day we moved to attack the Yankees at Bristoe Station, but they had fled before we got

there. Continuing the march that day, we halted near Occoquan for the night.

Started very early Saturday morning, attacked the enemy at Fairfax Court-house, routed them, capturing many prisoners and stores, and secured rations, for which the men were suffering much. There were many nice things taken here and speedily consumed by "*us ravenous rebbs.*" Being in anticipation of attack by the enemy all the time we were at the place, no opportunity was allowed many of us to secure the valuable merchandise with which many of the stores were well supplied. However, hurrying on from Fairfax Courthouse we moved directly to Drainsville, where we remained in line of battle till dark, then filing off into hidden paths in the woods, proceeded to the Potomac, over a difficult and dangerous ford, of which we, after some delay, passed in safety, and spent the rest of the night on the heights beyond, in line of battle. At light we moved forward, engaged the enemy a mile from the river, routed and drove them off in confusion, killing and capturing a few; then halted a few moments to feed, and commenced the march for Rockville, near which town General Hampton was in line of battle, having there had a little fight, in which he captured many prisoners and wagons. General Hampton supposing the enemy to be in force near the town, waited for us to come up before making an attack. When we came up, a charge was ordered, which the squadron I commanded led, Company "K" taking a road to the right, and Company "C" moving straight down the pike. We charged down the pike for six miles or more, captured nearly two hundred wagons of the most elegant kind, and about 12,000 of the most magnificent mules I ever saw, besides many prisoners and runaway negroes. The last wagon caught was within six miles of Georgetown. Many elegant wagons were upturned and broken and burnt, and many mules and drivers (especially negroes) escaped. The wagon train was four miles long, and the fight and chase was the most interesting, exciting and ludicrous scene I ever witnessed or participated in. It was truly sad and distressing though to witness the frequent piles of wagons and mules that in many places blockaded the roads. In several places I saw as many as four wagons, with their teams, drivers and bales of hay, all piled together indiscriminately in a gully, with the poor mules stretched upon the ground beneath the wagons, struggling in vain against the heavy burden and strong harness that held them, sufferers, in their places.

Returning to Rockville from the charge, we were joined by Fitz.

Lee, who had been operating on a different road, and who brought with him many prisoners, among them a great many contrabands, some of whom were recognized and claimed. There were some known to me, among whom was one of Uncle Tom's, two of F. W. Cox's, one of J. W. Branson's, besides several free negroes.

From Rockville we continued the march towards the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; traveled all night, and crossed the track, a part of which we destroyed next morning. This day we traveled all day, and had a sharp fight in the evening at Westminster, in which the Fourth regiment lost two Lieutenants. The enemy were routed, and most of them captured, and many stores fell into our hands, which were all destroyed or consumed.

The men, now well-nigh exhausted, were allowed four hours' rest, after which we started and proceeded towards Hanover, in Pennsylvania. Reaching Hanover we learned that the enemy held the town in force. Both men and horses being worn out, all of us regarded the prospect of a fight with no little regret and anxiety. No time was to be lost though, and whilst I was sent with a small party to the left to prevent the enemy's flanking us from that direction, the Thirteenth and Ninth Virginia, and Second North Carolina regiments, were ordered to charge. The charge was made, and the enemy driven from the place. But our men were soon turned upon by the enemy, again, or else attacked by another force, and driven off in confusion. We lost many men, principally from the North Carolina regiment. Our company lost E. D. Brown, wounded badly in the leg, and Wm. Franklin, missing, who I fear was killed. Being on the left I did not participate in the charge, and do not know how our men acted, but I am quite sure, if they had have done their duty bravely, we would have captured the town and held it. Having failed to do this, all of us regarded our situation as critical; blockaded in front, but twenty miles from the Yankee army, and encumbered by an immense wagon train and escort of more than a thousand broken down horses and men, as we were. After fighting the enemy for several hours with our sharpshooters, and shelling the town quite furiously, thus giving our train time to move around and get many miles away, we withdrew without being pursued. In the fight to-day, we captured and killed as many of the enemy as we lost, though Colonel Payne, Captain Billingsly of this regiment, and several subalterns were captured from us. We marched all night, and the next day, and arrived in front of Carlisle about dark. It was here we confidently expected to meet our

troops; but what was our surprise, and almost dismay, when we learned that General Ewell had left the place twenty-four hours before, and quite a large force of Yankees held the town.

It is impossible for me to give you a correct idea of the fatigue and exhaustion of the men and beasts at this time. From great exertion, constant mental excitement, want of sleep and food, the men were overcome, and so tired and stupid as almost to be ignorant of what was transpiring around them. Even in line of battle, in momentary expectation of being made to charge, they would throw themselves upon their horses' necks, and even the ground, and fall to sleep. Couriers in attempting to give orders to officers would be compelled to give them a shake and a word, before they could make them understand. This was true of Colonels.

As soon as we reached the town, General Stuart sent an order for its surrender, which was refused. A charge was made, but repulsed by the enemy, who fired upon our men from the windows of brick buildings. After this, General Stuart put his artillery into position and opened a terrible cannonade, to which the Pennsylvanians made a feeble reply.

Weak and helpless as we now were, our anxiety and uneasiness was painful indeed. Thoughts of saving the wagons now, were gone, and we began to consider only how we, ourselves, might escape; but this was not so with that "lady's man," Stuart. He seemed neither to suppose that his train was in danger, or that his men were not in condition to fight. He could not have appeared more indifferent with fresh men and horses and no incumbrance. Most of us were kept in our saddles to fight till 12 o'clock—though neither the prospect of a *melee*, nor the thunder of artillery, nor the bright red glare of a burning town, "in the enemy's country," kept me awake that night. About 12 M. we started, the wagons moving behind us, F. Lee in the rear, and traveled till nearly light, when we stopped on the summit of South Mountain. The mountain side was yet illumined by the light from burning Carlisle. Tired—exhausted as I was, I could not but reflect, as I looked back upon the burning town, upon the wickedness, the horrors of this fell war. Frightened women driven with screaming children, in terror from burning homes, could not have suffered much more keenly, than many of the "vandal rebels" who with "fiendish delight" (?) beheld the conflagration in Carlisle that night. Truly, I was made to feel unhappy, indeed; God grant that *terrible war* may lead to early peace!



Next morning found us upon the mountain, more jaded and and wearied than I ever saw men before; but with our train safe and the enemy considerably behind us. This day we marched all day, expecting all the time to be attacked on the flank by Yankee cavalry. About 12 o'clock M. we reached the pickets of our army. This ought to have been a source of profound relief and gratification, but was not, for our army was then engaged furiously in the great battle of Gettysburg, and we well knew, that tired as we were, there was to be no rest for us, till it was over. We marched straight into position, and commenced the fight about dark, which soon ended for the night. We were ordered to remain mounted ready to drive the enemy back should he attempt to move that way that night; but General Stuart being informed by the proper officer, that there was a limit to human endurance, replied "yes," and as he noticed that one of our brigade in attempting to get over a fence fell to sleep on it, he said that we might rest that night; accordingly we went back one-quarter of a mile, fed our horses, and spent the night in peace. Next morning commenced early the hard day's fighting at Gettysburg. The appearance of the sun was welcomed by the roar of a cannon; as he rose higher and higher in the heavens, louder and louder became the roar of heavy guns and at breakfast time, the thunder sound of artillery was truly deafening. Then the roar became less loud, and, until perhaps half-past 10 o'clock, the firing was not regarded as very heavy, meanwhile the cavalry was carried far down on the left of our line, almost in rear of the enemy and far away from the scene of carnage at Gettysburg. The guns there were audible to us though, and so furiously did they seem to fire that we knew a terrible scene of death and slaughter was being enacted there. Though we were all day expecting to fight we did not become engaged until about 12 o'clock, when the Yankee cavalry made a powerful assault upon us. The combat did not last long, not more than three or four hours, but was the fiercest I ever saw waged by cavalry. The enemy fought well; and our men evinced no disposition to yield an inch of ground. The fight occurred on an extensive plain. The enemy in vain endeavored to force our sharpshooters back to the woods. Drove them back in several places, and at a moment when our men were hard pressed, their cavalry dashed forward in a charge to clean the field. This regiment and the Thirteenth, numbering in the charge no more than 150 men, dashed forward to meet the Yankee charge. We met them at a fence over which neither party could readily get; they outnumbered



us, and were well supported by their sharpshooters, yet we dismounted, pulled down the fence and drove them out of the field and through another, almost back to their artillery. We then fell back to our sharpshooters, followed by the enemy, who were charged by another brigade and driven from the field. The loss of the enemy in this fight was very great, indeed. We suffered considerably, but small, I think, in proportion to them. General Hampton who led the second charge, was severely wounded. Ashton is missing in our company; Rust (mortally); Carroll and Palmer were wounded, the two latter very slightly. Poor Eddie ——— did not go into the fight, but lost his horse subsequently, wandered off, and was, I fear, captured. Since I parted with him that evening, looking for his horse, I have not heard from him. I think it likely he went to our hospital in the neighborhood, and being without a horse, remained to attend to our wounded. A. Cox was left for that purpose. That night we traveled about ten miles, and spent the night in quietude.

Next day we were ready for, and in anticipation of, a fight, but had none. Commenced in the evening a march after the Yankee cavalry, who were said to be after our wagon trains. Marched all night, all next day, and had a fight at a pass in the mountains below Emmetsburg. Were in the saddle all next night, reached Lightesburg where we learned we were close upon the enemy, who had that day captured about thirty of our wagons, besides many prisoners. Next day we followed the enemy towards Hagerstown, where we came up with him. This day we captured many prisoners, who with those caught yesterday amount to nearly three hundred. The fight at Hagerstown lasted nearly all day. Our company was in three distinct charges. We killed and captured a great many Yankees. In the evening we drove the Yankees off, and General Stuart ordered us to follow them up. Our brigade endeavoured to take a piece of artillery. We were front. We charged up almost to the mouth of the piece. They poured the grape or canister into us. When we got close up to the gun we found it so well protected by sharpshooters and cavalry, that we could not hold it; we accordingly left the pike and formed in the field, and fought until our support came up, when the enemy broke and fled, our men closely pursuing. Our company had but a handful of men. We lost but one in number, a host though in value, Orderly Sergeant Richard Washington, than whom no truer or braver spirit has yet been martyred in defence of our country's freedom. My horse was broken down, (the fifth since I left Virginia,) and when Washington

fell, I paused to take a last look at him—one whom I had not known long, but one whom I had learned to esteem, admire and respect. He spoke not a word after he fell, nor was there any evidence that he was alive visible, though with my hand upon his breast I felt his heart still to beat. Driven from the body by the enemy before I could pull a ring from his finger, ere I returned the blood had left his cheek, and he lay calmly, painted in the fallow and ashy paleness of death. I remained, after taking his arms and effects, until arrangements could be made to carry his body off, and as I saw him wrapped from view in a coarse blanket, distressed as I was, I felt relieved. I contrasted the excitement, the strife, the horrors of this world, with the peace, the happiness, and bliss this Christian soldier had found in death. Peace to his ashes! The next day was spent in camp, and we were not interrupted except by a severe rain storm.

For the last five days we have been skirmishing with the enemy very heavily, whilst our army has been making preparations for the impending battle. We have lost very heavily in men. Yesterday we had a very severe fight, in which we suffered quite severely. One man, young Sandford, was slightly wounded in our company.

You will be able to form some idea from this account of how much in need of rest we are. Indeed, we have had a most laborious time of it. Thus far we have had enough to live on, how much longer it will continue so, I cannot say. The cavalry was driven in yesterday, since which time heavy skirmishing has been going on along our lines. The enemy, I have no doubt, are going to make a desperate effort to crush us here. If we are defeated, indeed the blow will be a terrible one to us and our cause; but we have no reason to fear we will be defeated. If we do our duty, that Divine Being who has so often given victory to this army, will surely not desert us now. The issue is in His holy hands; may He comfort and aid those who put their trust in Him!

Our Generals think the cavalry will have a heavy part to bear in the coming battle. We are called upon to do our duty bravely. I look to the only true source of safety, for protection, amid the dangers to which we may be exposed.

I saw Captain Davis a few days ago; he was well and hearty. Captain Bowie was badly wounded at Gettysburg, and Ferd. Blackwell, slightly. These are the only casualties I have heard of in that battle—in the Fortieth. I saw Wilbur Davis yesterday; he was very well; not engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. Captain

Murphy arrived a few days ago with Holliday. Your letters reached us safely, and we were much delighted to hear such cheering news from home. May the peace, quiet and health, now your fortune to enjoy, continue long! I have not seen Captain M. yet; he will show himself soon, though, I reckon. I wish, as you say, General Lee would not let the Yankees come back to the Northern Neck again. Unhappy as I was made to feel by hearing of the unauthorized depredations of our men in Pennsylvania, upon the private rights of the people, I had much rather those people should be made to feel the horrors of war than that an armed Yankee should ever tread our soil again. If we should be so fortunate as to gain a great victory here, I do not think the enemy will be upon us for some time. Father says do not think of making any such arrangement in reference to the farm, as the one you spoke of. He unites with myself and the boys in best love to yourself and the children. Remember me to each one of my uncles, aunts and cousins whenever you see them.

Excuse bad writing and incoherency of what I have written. You know the circumstances under which I have written.

You son, very affectionately,

G. W. BEALE.

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*Allan's History of the Valley Campaign.*

*By Major F. SCHEIBERT.*

The readers of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS may be surprised that a Prussian should venture to give a notice of an American book. But I regard this work of Colonel Allan's, and the beautiful maps of Major Hotchkiss which it contains, as worthy of being held up as *a model for military study*.

The original development of the designs of Jackson—the many interesting details of his movements—the clearness with which the marches, manoeuvres and battles are described—the full survey of the whole military situation, and the vivid description of the state of political affairs in Washington and abroad—the settling of the numerical strength on both sides—and last, but never least, nay first for the foreign reader, the excellent maps of Major Jed. Hotchkiss (which, by the way, he showed me and I greatly admired during the Gettysburg campaign of 1863,)—all combine to make Colonel Allan's book a military classic.

I had already translated into German Colonel Allan's address before the Army of Northern Virginia Association on this campaign, as it appeared in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, and had made a lecture on the subject at Stuttgart, as this address gave me a clear idea of this most interesting campaign of Stonewall Jackson. But the book gives an even better picture of it and excites a wish to possess still more of *this kind*.

How often have we foreigners complained of *the want of good maps* in your war literature, without which we cannot get a clear idea of military movements. European military writers who give detailed accounts of campaigns are accustomed to accompany all of their chapters by accurate maps; and we hope the example of Colonel Allan will give a new turn to the military literature of the valiant South.

We tender him our sincere thanks for his able, accomplished, and greatly admired book.

F. SCHEIBERT.

*Hirshberg Silesia, Prussia.*

NOTE.—We fully concur with our gallant and accomplished friend, Major Scheibert, that good maps are very essential to a correct understanding of military narratives, and have deeply regretted our inability thus far to give maps regularly in our PAPERS. We hope, however, to be able to do so before long.

We again express our warm appreciation of the very valuable service Major Scheibert is doing us in translating so many of our papers into German and thus making them accessible to the military critics of that land of patient, painstaking research. Only let them have the facts and we fear not their verdict.

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**"Our Fallen Comrades."**

*Speech of Colonel T. L. BAYNE, of the Washington Artillery.*

[At the Reunion of the Washington Artillery in New Orleans, May 27th, 1882, Colonel T. L. Bayne made the following response to a toast to "Our Fallen Comrades," which we cheerfully give a place with the other speeches on the occasion which have sketched the history of that famous old command:]

Every heart in this company throbs with a response to this toast more eloquent than words: "Our Fallen Comrades."

I see in the faces of the veterans around me evidence of the emotion called forth by this reference to their brave companions, with whom they have marched, and bivouacked and fought. They recall the faces and forms of their comrades, whose names appear upon this roll of honor. They remember with what enthusiasm they joined them as members of this now historic command—with what patriotism and courage they followed its flag over more than forty battle-fields of the war, and finally gave up their lives in defense of their country—leaving to us their names and their history, which we will not willingly let die. We have sculptured their names and their battles upon the granite monument erected to their memory, and we carry them engraved in our hearts, where they shall remain enshrined until the pulse of their last comrade shall cease to beat. And then we will pass their memory to our successors, the present and future members of this battalion, who will come to know more and more, as long years shall pass, what an honorable heritage has been left to them.

"But their memories e'er shall remain for us,  
And their names without stain for us,  
The glory they won shall not wane for us,  
In legend and lay  
Our commander in gray  
Shall forever live over again for us."

And now, after having paid our tribute to our noble dead, whose memory we will ever cherish, I ask my friends by my side to unfurl the glorious battle-flag of the Fifth Company of this command, which the widow of its gallant Captain, Cuthbret H. Slocomb, returns through me to those who bore it, and with their assent I commit it to the custody and safe-keeping of this battalion. You are charged to guard it well, for it has been borne upon many a battle into the thickest of the fight by strong arms which are now cold in death; it has been followed by our brave comrades, who have fallen under its folds. It was almost the last flag that floated over Confederate troops at the close of the war, and when Spanish Fort was evacuated, it was sewed around the body of Orderly Sergeant Bartley, to be yielded only with his life. It comes to us through the hands of the noble wife of that gallant chief, whose untimely death will ever be lamented, not only by this command, but by all of the people of this great city, and of this State—by all good men and women everywhere, who love courage, fidelity and patriotism.

There are other leaders among our honored dead whose names and leadership are worthy to be associated with that of our beloved Captain, and those names are already upon the lips of the veterans around me. I mean Lieutenants Vaught and Blair; Sergeants De-Merrett, Denegre, and others of the Fifth Company. Under this flag they led our comrades to victory, and during all of the war showed that they were soldiers without fear, and gentlemen without reproach.

There are still other names both among the dead and the living which deserve to be mentioned as associated with this precious relic. The living are among you. Your eyes and hearts turn to them without naming them.

The officers and men of the Fifth Company feel that the names of all our hallowed dead are now associated. They are all upon the same roll of honor. The living will draw together in closer fellowship with you and with each other and will ever cherish with you the honored memory of "our fallen comrades."

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#### Prison Experience of a Northern Soldier.

*By Rev. GEORGE T. SMITH.*

[We print with pleasure the following paper from a quondam Federal soldier, now a minister of the gospel, and about to go out as a foreign missionary :]

It is with some reluctance that the writer calls from the misty past, the images of his four years in the army. He would prefer to live in the future, but as every item of personal experience will be of value to the future and impartial historian, he makes this (his first) contribution to the press on that topic.

The echoes of the cannon of Manassas on Sunday, July 21st, 1861, had not died away before the writer was enrolled as a private in Co. G., Thirty-fourth Ohio volunteers, in the city of Cincinnati.

The first year was one of petty skirmishes enlivened by a severe engagement at Princeton, West Va. After the battle, the Union troops under General J. D. Cox fell back to Flat Top Mountain where they remained during the summer. Reports of a general advance by the Southern forces, caused the troops thus guarding the valuable salt works of the Kanawha Valley to fall back to

Fayetteville, and summoned General Cox to the aid of General McClellan with the larger portion of his command.

In September, General Loring advanced towards the Valley with a rumored force of 10,000 troops. On the 10th of September, they reached the outpost at Fayetteville, W. Va. ; here were two regiments the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh Ohio. The skirmishing began in the morning, but it was not until noon that we could see the line advancing, and were ordered to strike tents and prepare for battle. We started at a moderate pace but soon quickened our step, the dust arose so thick we could not see each other when the bullets began to whistle through our ranks. Knapsacks were peeled instantly ; inside of mine was the picture of "the girl I left behind me." I never saw it again, and was it any wonder that she married the fellow I left behind me?

Suddenly we marched by the left flank, leaving the road for the grass and a heavier storm of bullets. Only a portion of the command was in this part of the engagement, and the enemy outnumbered us six to one. Of this we were ignorant as they were on a hill, and hid by woods. One man in three, of that band was either killed or wounded. The writer advanced with the front rank until it was broken into a skirmish line, when each man sought what shelter he could, yet going forward. The idea that we should not drive the enemy was not entertained by the writer, hence, in his ardor, he did not hear the bugle-call retreat. He was lying down with his head to the enemy, and some bushes between them loading his gun, when a ball passed under his shoulder and lodged at his feet. "They are getting the range of you," said a comrade. "Yes, and I will leave here," and that was the last he saw of his own men. Crossing a depression he lay down behind a log, replenished his cartridges, fired at the enemy two hundred yards away, and then ran with an empty gun for some bushes a dozen yards distant to his right and forward, where he supposed his men were. Judge of his surprise to find, as he dropped down exhausted, men in butternut uniform.

His first impression was that they were Union men driven in by the enemy ; they had not seen him until he was near, and supposed that he was deserting. One said to him, "You are all right," but he responded, "I don't know about that." Another having hold of the muzzle of the prisoner's gun, said, "Give me this gun." "I will," was the reply, "if you will take good care of it." Another requested him to pass over his cartridges. "I have given you half



of them through the muzzle of my gun," was the response as the prisoner unbuckled the strap, "and if you had waited awhile longer I would have given you the rest." By this time the Confederates saw that the prisoner was not a deserter, and one raised his gun as if to shoot, "Hold on," said the Lieutenant, the only officer there, "He is my meat." To his intervention the writer considers his life due; his name was, if memory is correct, McIlvain, of Liberty Va., a third Lieutenant in the Sixty-First Virginia. "What do you want me for?" asked the prisoner. "Oh, my sister wants a Yankee for a plaything." "What will she do with me." "She will put you up in a corner and spit tobacco juice in your eyes." "All right, I will stay there till the war is over." So jesting, they went back to the Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the regiment, who interrogated the prisoner as to the number of Union troops. The prisoner mentally multiplied them by as large a multiple as he thought they could stand, and answered accordingly.

The officer seemed satisfied, and led the prisoner to the Colonel in command of the brigade. He was a perfect gentleman, and generously said to the prisoner, "If you feel that in honor you ought not to tell me the truth, do not say anything."

The prisoner never blinked, and assented to the righteousness of that course and then lied to him outrageously. Lied! What is called a mistake in a lady, a falsehood among the educated. A lie by plain men is merely diplomacy in statesmanship and strategy in war. The prisoner strategized. If he had told them the weakness of the two regiments, with no field artillery, they could have thrown a line across the only road out of the village and captured the entire number. Hence he said there were 4,000 in the village and 10,000 more below, about 10,000 too strong.

That night the Union forces burned their commissary stores, and marched unmolested to the nearest reinforcements—ten miles away.

The afternoon was spent by the prisoner in talking with officers about the war. They treated him well and endured some things which politeness should have kept him from saying. A man was led past the group of officers with a look of intense pain on his features, and a bullet hole precisely in the middle of his forehead. The Colonel expressed his sympathy, and calling him by name, said, "It will be an honorable wound if you get over it."

"It would be if gained in an honorable cause," said the prisoner. "It is an honorable cause," said the officer emphatically. "There's where we differ," was the reply.

The next morning other prisoners were brought to face the writer with the question, "How is it that your accounts differ so much; one says 4,000, the others 1,200 to 1,500." The first prisoner, learning that the Union troops were gone, acknowledged the deception and told the reason of it. Some among the Confederates were for shooting him, some called him hard names, the only time he was insulted by soldiers; but others said he did right, and his life was in no danger.

The prisoners requested the privilege and were allowed to bury their dead. They were then placed under guard in the jail, a stone building, where they remained for two weeks, during which time others were added to their number until there were about one hundred prisoners.

This was but a meagre return for 10,000 men, and subsequently the writer saw in a Richmond paper that the Confederate Congress had passed a vote of censure on the conduct of the campaign in West Virginia. To that vote the writer may have contributed by his parsimonious use of the truth on the day of his capture.

The journey from Fayetteville to Dublin Station, on the Tennessee and Virginia railroad, about 100 miles, was made on foot, the guards riding. At Dublin Station we camped in a woody pasture, and two wagons were driven up with provisions in the way of meal and pork, for the prisoners. The writer had a companion with whom he messed. This companion went to a wagon, about dusk, and drew rations for himself and his partner, he then went to the other wagon and repeated the heroic action. The writer then went up and drew for two also, and they spent the larger portion of the night in rustic cookery. They had heard of *Hotel de Libby*. The next day the journey was made on the cars to Lynchburg. A number of Southern officers were on the train, who conversed with the prisoners. One, a Major in the Twenty-Ninth Virginia, sat down with the writer and they debated the question of the war keenly. The possibility of being overcome by the North (this was in '62) he would not admit. "Then," said the writer, "will you, when you have gained your independence, allow the West to join your Confederacy? Our interests are bound up with yours more than with New England!" "No," was the indignant answer. "You have tried to subjugate us, and we will have nothing to do with you."

We concluded that the South would be harder to conquer than the North thought. He also told the writer that some ham, wine and other delicacies which had been sent from Cincinnati, directed

to Colonel A. Moore, Twenty-Eighth Ohio, had, at the battle of Princeton, fallen, unopened, into the hands of Colonel A. Moore, of the Twenty-Eighth Virginia, and the latter Colonel Moore presuming that they were intended for him, had appropriated them with thanks to his unknown Cincinnati friends.

The next day the ride was in freight cars fitted up with seats. A number of canteens belonging to the Confederate States Army were promptly appropriated by the prisoners as relics of the invasion. Alas! they never left Dixie. When the train reached Richmond, by some misunderstanding, we were marched up past the Capitol and around to our destination, marching into Libby after dark. "Pass up your canteens," was the order, and the thirsty souls passed up every canteen, not knowing that water ran from a hydrant, and that was to be our last sight of the canteens. In Libby we sang and enjoyed ourselves as best we could.

Every day we fell into ranks and were counted before rations were given out.

As to food, it was too delicate. To tell the square truth, we were not satisfied. The complaint was not that it was not good, it was only of its scarcity. Two meals a day were fashionable when we went there, and we readily fell in with the fashion. Not to eat till 11 A. M. was the custom of the majority, and we were suddenly convinced that it was the best plan. Another slight repast at five completed our attention to the gross act of eating, and we were ready for whatever else could take up our time.

The regiment to which the writer belonged wore the Zouave uniform. In passing through a little town on our march to the railroad, a generous citizen had given twenty-five dollars for our little party, this we were now allowed to spend for food, though it could not purchase much.

For a week every day had new reports of what was to be done. Fortunately an agreement had been made by which all prisoners should be paroled, and by it we were released.

Of cruelty or unnecessary hardship in Libby, I saw none; yet not one cried to remain. On a bright morning in October, after several times forming and breaking ranks, we started for a march of twelve miles, to Aiken's Landing, where a United States steamer waited us. It brought up 2,500 paroled Confederates, and strange to say, men in our ranks there met men who had captured them at the beginning of the battle of Antietam, and were themselves taken later. The meeting between them was most cordial.

Between the Richmond coveted by the North, and Aiken's Land-

ing, the writer saw but one or two lines of breast-works. After he reached Annapolis, he was inclined to write to the President, and to say that 10,000 men could take Richmond on a sortie. He did not write, however; if he had, the probabilities are that he would never have heard anything about it.

Two years later the writer was wounded and taken prisoner in the Shenandoah Valley. For two months he lay in the enemy's hands, but with all that could be given by brave men who scorned to take advantage of the helpless.

GEORGE T. SMITH.

Warren, Ohio.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS continue to be very much "in order," and in fact very much desired. \$3.00 is a small matter to each individual, but the aggregate of the subscriptions due us make an amount which we *need just now*, and we beg our friends who are in arrears to *remit at once*.

And you will make your own remittance all the more welcome if you will send another subscription along with your own.

MR. CORCORAN'S VALUABLE AND HIGHLY APPRECIATED GIFT of the "Ana," of the war, collected and arranged by Dr. Geo. W. Bagby, has been completed by the turning over to us of the last two volumes. We again express our warmest acknowledgements of this renewed expression of Mr. Corcoran's interest in our work—an interest to which he has again and again given *practical* expression.

OUR ENDOWMENT FUND PROJECT grows upon us, the more we think of it, both as to its necessity and the practicability of its accomplishment. An endowment fund of at least \$100,000, and a fire proof building are both *absolutely essential* to our full success. And the conviction increases that we *can and will* (by God's blessing and the coöperation of our friends) *accomplish both objects*.

We are perfecting and pushing our plans. But in the meantime let us hear from our friends without their waiting to be called on personally:

1. Can you not make a *large* contribution and link your name with this effort to vindicate the name and fame of our Confederate people?
2. Can you not be one of those who will give \$100 towards raising the \$100,000?
3. Can you not become a *Life Member* by paying the fee of \$50?
4. Can you not get up in your community a lecture or entertainment of some sort for the benefit of the fund?
5. Can you not send us lists of names of those likely to help us?

*Let us hear from you.*

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, our efficient representative, is now canvassing Texas in behalf of the Society, and is doing, as is his wont, a good work—organizing local branches, enrolling members, and stirring up general interest in our cause. Having just made a most successful canvass of Dallas, he now goes to Houston, where we are sure he will meet a cordial greeting and the hearty coöperation of our friends there. A gallant and accomplished soldier, a graceful and eloquent speaker, a genial and popular gentleman, and an enthusiast in his work, General Johnston never fails to make friends for the Society wherever he goes.

We hope to be able before long to announce for him a programme which will go far towards ensuring the success of our effort for *permanent endowment*.

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A CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME for Louisiana was organized in New Orleans in April last, and our friend, Private John H. Murray, advised us that he had sent us an account of its organization; but we regret to say that the paper containing it somehow miscarried, and we must ask for a brief sketch of it for future publication.

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VALENTINE'S RECUMBENT FIGURE OF LEE will be unveiled at Lexington, Va., on the 28th of June, with appropriate ceremonies, a full account of which we hope to give in our next. Meantime we cordially congratulate the Lee Memorial Association on the completion of their labors in the production of one of the most superb works of art in the country, and in so appropriately decorating the grave of our grand old chieftain.

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### Literary Notices.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF '64 AND '65; THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE ARMY OF THE JAMES. By A. A. HUMPHREYS. Price, \$100.

STATISTICAL RECORDS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES. By FREDERICK PHISTERER. Price, \$100. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have received these books from the publishers through West & Johnston, of Richmond, and we are also indebted to General Humphreys for copies of his book.

Reserving for the future a full review of both, we can only say now that we are reading General Humphreys's with great interest and pleasure, and while we shall have occasion to controvert some of his statements, we regard it as the work of an able soldier, very carefully prepared after a full study of all accessible material, and written in fine style and admirable spirit. The contrast between the fairness with which General Humphreys treats the men who fought against him, and the miserable partisan spirit shown by such writers as Doubleday and Badeau is very striking and pleasant.

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"CONFEDERATE ANNALS," published by J. W. Cunningham, 720 Chestnut street, St. Louis, is the name of a new candidate for public favor, which we cheerfully place on our exchange list, and bid "God speed" in its work. It is a semi-monthly, published at \$3 per annum. We regret that we have not more space now than to cordially commend it to our friends everywhere as likely to prove a valuable co-worker in the vast unexplored mines of Confederate history.

*Other matter "crowded out."*



